Joseph M. Freedman,
45 Goodhart Building,
Memphis, Tenn.

Feb. 8, 1919.
Saturday

Dear Heart: —

Directly after writing yesterday's letter to you, I received your long letter of Wednesday. I recall, heart, you were not disappointed over my short answer when you Have just called for my letter of to-day and found, lonely — your wonderful wonderful answer to my Monday's letter. Honey, I shall answer both of them to-morrow with a big letter. I would gladly do so today but I am for from a letter writing mood. There is something in my throat, a lump which I cannot, somehow, swallow. My heart, honey, is as though of lead, and all I can possibly do is to cry — cry and cry! I miss you so terribly, honey, and knowing how much you miss

belong for me, it just tears me to pieces. I am miserable. The weather is worse than miserable. My head aches so that I can not understand the sympathy you deserve when you suffer from this torturing ailment. In this mood, dear, I don't not write you a long letter for what I write to you must cheer, not depress. To-morrow, Love Heart, I shall feel better, and you shall have a nice long letter. There is nothing alarmingly wrong with me - so don't worry, hunky, am only lonesome for you and you very well know the hopeless, miserable feeling that is. Am half-tempted to tear the up - but here you'll understand, simply don't worry. I shall be happy as a lark to-morrow, knowing that I shall soon be with you. The weather is certainly most miserable & wretched, - a constant flurry of sick snows with a black dreary sky. All of which is typical of my feelings.

To-morrow, too, honey, I shall write to your uncle. Am on duty to-morrow, and so will have plenty of time in which to write.

You remember Caroline Klein, don't you, honey? At least you know of her. Received a card from her saying she is in N.Y. on a visit. Am going to call her up and have her come up to see me. I am certainly anxious to see her. It is now, more or less since I saw her off, and almost missed you at the ferry. Remember that day?

After supper last night, Rose & I took a walk up to my mothers home. It was nice walking and I think the walk did us both good. Unless Sadie Englander comes up and drags

Rose out, she sticks in the house all the time. I told her about your request for Rose not helping self to everything she has and she told me she would write to you about it. It's alright talking care of a wife, she says, but Heavens, where does a sister come in nowadays? Henry on the other hand, says that "Rose & he have all they can do to take care of mom, so ~~he says~~, he is going to tell you I must take care of myself." Some kind that. He showed me the new generator you had sent him. He was more that delighted. Everything at home is going on as usual — nicely and smoothly. Mom is feeling better her rheumatism is ~~quite~~ nice better but she still pines over pop's death. Yesterday, however, she was in very good spirits.

Hoping, Honey, that you are still taking care of yourself, and that everything is going along nicely with you I'll close sincerely with all my love and hopes to be with you soon. Your lonesome wife

Frances.